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T H E  
LIBERAL AMERICAN,  
A N O V E L.  
V O L. I.

THE  
LIBRARY AMERICAN  
A. K. O. V. E. L.





T H E  
*LIBERAL AMERICAN.*

A NOVEL,  
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

By a L A D Y.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,  
LEADENHALL-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXV.



L O N D O N  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE  
LEAD HILL STREET  
W. COLEMAN

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THE  
LIBERAL AMERICAN.

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LETTER I.

MRS. MORELY

TO

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Morely-park, April 6.

WHAT detains you thus long at Paris, my dear Charles? We have been in expectation of seeing you some weeks. Your sister talks incessantly about you, and promises herself great happiness in the society of her long-absent brother. Come then, my Charles,

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and

and make us all happy, for we can no longer dispense with your presence.

Your father is now in town: he wished us to accompany him, but we defer it till your arrival. You see of what consequence we make you; but do not be vain, Charles: it is our partiality alone that occasions it. We have been at Sudbrook lately. Your favourite Emily has not lost any of her charming vivacity. She says, she fears you will forget her claim to your heart, and bestow it on some fair Parisian damsel; but, if you still retain your constancy amidst so many allurements, she may be induced to take your case into consideration. I tell her such an errant coquet is not to be depended on, and I hope you have, ere now, shaken off her chains. But, seriously, it pains me to see in Emily

mily so great a fondness for general admiration. Truly amiable as she is in every other respect, I consider it as a very material shade in her character. I have often lectured her about it, but she answers me, in her lively way, that she could not exist without a train of admirers. She has one, at present, in her list, to whom I have reason to believe she gives a preference, although she will by no means allow it. He is a captain in the navy; his name Hammond. I have seen him often, think him a most pleasing man, and sincerely wish he may have rhetoric enough to persuade my gay niece to resign the pleasures of coquetry to the more refined happiness of being united to a man of worth.

My brother approves highly of his addressees, but conceals it from Emily, as he thinks it would rather impede the captain's success; for, with girls of her turn, difficulties are the food of love. How different is the disposition of Louisa! all softness, all submission; her parents will is her's. She is a dear, good, girl; but I often wish she had some of Emily Walton's spirits. She is too timid, too gentle, to go through the varying scenes and trying difficulties from which the happiest of human beings are not exempt.

She has lately been addressed by Sir James Sidney. From the first I never imagined he could possibly be agreeable to her. His character is excellent; but his age and person, I thought, must be insurmountable objections. His  
partiality



partiality for Louisa has long been evident. He lately mentioned the affair to your father; and, having obtained his permission, embraced the first opportunity of declaring to Louisa the impression she had made on his heart. She had no will but that of her parents, was her answer: but it was by no means satisfactory to her lover. He saw timidity and fear of offending us alone prevented her giving him an absolute refusal; and, being too delicate to think of accepting her reluctant hand, informed us of the reception he had met with, and said, as he feared perseverance would only serve to convert indifference into aversion, he should, in future, aspire only to the name of friend.

I greatly admired Sir James's conduct, and went immediately in search



of Louisa. I found her, in her own apartment, in tears. I enquired the cause. She begged I would not be angry with her, she would marry Sir James Sidney rather than incur our displeasure. Foolish girl! I never was so angry with her in my life as at this moment. Had her parents ever been harsh, or severe, such a conduct would not have been strange; however, I kept my reproofs till another opportunity, and assured her she need not fear any future importunity from Sir James, as both her father and myself were far from wishing to influence her inclinations in so important a point. The clouds on her brow now gave place to joy and gratitude. She embraced and thanked me repeatedly for my goodness, as she termed it, and all was well again. I  
dare

dare say she had formed horrid bugbears; perhaps, thought she should be locked up, and fed on bread and water, if she did not marry this rich man; but you, I believe, Charles, know I am by no means a friend to those prudential matches. I wish to see my children happy, and I do not think riches insure felicity; but, at the same time, I think no person of just sentiments will marry to make those they love sharers in distress.

All your friends here beg to be remembered to you, and your sister joins me in the warmest assurances of affection. Adieu, my dear boy, and be assured your return is ardently wished for by

Your affectionate mother,

LOUISA MORELY.

## LETTER II.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

MRS. MORELY.

Paris, May 10.

**A**N unforeseen event has prevented my departure from Paris at the time I proposed when I last wrote to you. My friend, Sir Edward Hambden, has been ill, and I could not, consistently with friendship or humanity, leave him in that situation; but, as he now begins to regain his strength, I hope our stay here will not exceed another week: and, believe me, my dear madam, I am all impatience to be with you, for not all the pleasures France and Italy afford can ever efface from my remembrance the

the happy native shades of Somerset. Assure my dear Louisa of my undiminished affection, and tell her I shall, at my return, introduce to her acquaintance one of the most accomplished men in Europe; therefore, I advise her to call forth all her charms, for he brings with him a yet-unconquered heart. He has been in France but a few months, but would have made a longer stay had he not accidentally met with me. We were on a very intimate footing at college, but our friendship is now considerably augmented.

George Walton I have not seen, and imagine he must have arrived at Rome about the time I quitted it.

Will you, my dear madam, tell that little vain Emily, that she may erase my name from her list of dangles, for I have

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resolved no longer to make one in her train, and sincerely wish Captain Hammond all the success he can desire; but assure her I have too great a partiality for my fair countrywomen to part with my heart in the manner she supposes.

My duty attends my father and yourself. Believe me, as ever, dear madam,

Your affectionate son,

CHARLES MORELY.

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### LETTER III.

MR. PETERS

TO

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Morely-park, June 2.

Sir,

**H**AVING been informed this day, by Sir James Sidney, of your arrival in town, I am about to communicate a very distressing piece of intelligence.



ligence. Gladly would I have been excused the melancholy office, but the sincere friendship I have long had for your family prevails over every other consideration. Know then, sir, that an unfortunate accident has deprived your worthy father of life. At this instant, sir, I see your distress, and bear a part; but, as neither Mrs. nor Miss Morely are now capable of writing, I could not suffer you to come here without being apprised of the sorrow which now prevails at Morely-park; and suffer me, sir, to advise you to remain in town a few days longer, as your presence, at this time, will but augment the affliction of your mother and sister.

I am, sir, with esteem,

Your most humble servant,

THOMAS PETERS.

## LETTER IV.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN.

Morely-park, June 9.

**I** Yesterday evening arrived at Morely-park; but how, my friend, shall I describe the meeting with my mother and sister! I will not attempt it, for it was too distressing for any pen to convey an idea of: it was the agonizing effusions of heart-felt woe. Oh! Hambden, is this the happiness I promised myself at Morely-park? How soon are our most flattering prospects of felicity succeeded by wretchedness!

My mother's grief seems of a nature the most alarming. It is silent anguish,

too,



too poignant to vent itself by tears and lamentations. Louisa's is very different. She has not ceased weeping since my arrival, and I hope her heart will be the sooner relieved. Perhaps the ill-judging world may esteem me happy in becoming so early my own master with a genteel fortune; but, in my opinion, nothing can compensate for the loss of such a father. I had a more particular account of his death, this morning, from my own servant than I was before informed of.

When the weather would permit, it was his custom to ride about his estate every day between breakfast and dinner. Sir James Sidney had, some time ago, presented him with a beautiful young horse. He had often before rode him with safety; but, this unfortunate morning,

ing, riding across a field in which were some cattle, the creature took fright, and, throwing him with great violence, his head struck against a large stone, and fractured his skull in such a manner, that he died in about two hours after he was brought home.

To any other but yourself this melancholy epistle would need an apology; but I have received so many proofs of the sincerity of my dear Hambden's friendship as convinces me he will feel for the sorrows of

CHARLES MORELY.

LETTER

## LETTER V.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

SIR EDWARD HAMB DEN.

Morely-park, June 18.

WITHOUT waiting for an answer to my last, I resume my pen to inform my dear Hambden of what has occurred since that time. Two days after my arrival here, at my mother's request, I wrote to my uncle Walton in Kent, desiring to see him as soon as possible at Morely-park ; with which request he immediately complied, and has been here near a fortnight. With the assistance of a Mr. Peters, who was my father's attorney, he has been so good as to take on him the settlement  
of

of his affairs; and, to my great surprise, I find, when all my father's debts are paid, my sister's fortune will not exceed six hundred pounds; the freehold, you know, being entailed on me. This is a small pittance for a girl educated in the manner Louisa has been, but, while I exist, she shall never feel the want of fortune.

When I expressed my surprise at finding my father's circumstances so different from what I had ever imagined, my mother informed me that he had lost large sums at the gaming-table every winter when they were in town. I had never any idea of his having such a foible, and, surely, it was his only one; for envy must own, that, either in public or private life, he had few equals. My dear mother feels his loss most severely.

verely. Theirs was an union of love, which four and twenty years had cemented by the most refined friendship and the most perfect esteem. Her life, she says, can scarcely now be deemed an existence, having lost the soul which animated every word and action. I think her indisposition daily increases. Indeed, my friend, I have dreadful fears about her. Louisa thinks her grief is abated; because, when with us, she assumes a cheerfulness which, I see, is very foreign to her heart; but I trust providence will not yet deprive us of her also; for, to my sister, it would be a more severe stroke than what we have lately experienced, as she has not a female relation who could supply the place of a parent; but heaven will, I hope, avert the blow.

Louisa



Louisa recovers her spirits fast, for which she is, in a great measure, indebted to her present companions, who use every gentle art to make her forget her grief, and I am happy to see their endeavours have so good an effect. Louisa is not one of your very lively females, but rather of a tender, sentimental, turn; and I am very sure in her life she never saw or heard of distress without sensibly feeling it. She is now gone out in the chariot with Lady Mary Castleton and Miss Aubrey, who were here before my father's death. I generally attend them, but business excused me this morning.

The former of these ladies I have often heard you mention, therefore a description of her is unnecessary; but I cannot help observing, I never beheld a finer

ner form. Her disposition, too, seems amiable, but she has rather too much levity to please my taste. Her spirits are so exuberant, that she can scarcely forbear running into excess when with my mother, which often gives me pain. Miss Aubrey is by no means equal to Lady Mary in point of beauty, and, when I first beheld her, I thought her person rather plain. She is rather under the middle size, not very slender, but genteely formed : her complexion a clear brunette : her eyes large, black, and penetrating : her nose rather too large : her mouth pleasing : beautiful vermilion lips, and, when she smiles, ten thousand Cupids sport on her dimpled cheeks. She has a profusion of dark-chestnut hair, which she displays to great advantage.

Few



Few of my sex will think her handsome; but she is more, — she is interesting; and much more formed to inspire the tender passion than the beautiful Lady Mary. In my life I never beheld a countenance more expressive of good sense, good nature, and every thing engaging in woman, than is Miss Aubrey's; and I am thoroughly convinced it is the true index of her lovely mind.

She is extremely fond of my mother and Louisa. Often, when Lady Mary proposes an airing, she pleads some excuse to be left at home merely that my mother may not be alone. Louisa informs me she is far from happy. Heaven deprived her of her father when but a few weeks old; and, before she attained her fifth year, her mother died also,

also, and left her a poor destitute orphan, when Mrs. Summers, who is her father's sister, took her to live with her. Mr. Summers was always very fond of Miss Aubrey, much more so than was her aunt; but he died about two years ago, and, soon after, Mrs. Summers visited France as a means of dissipating her grief, whence she returned last summer, and purchased the estate of the late Mr. Webley, about three miles from this place. She is quite the gay woman of fashion, and is now gone to London, but, at the request of my mother, left Miss Aubrey here till her return.

I find this lovely girl suffers greatly from her aunt's temper, which is haughty, and incapable of feeling for the sorrows of others. She is daily expected

pected home, when we shall lose her amiable niece, which will be matter of regret to every part of this family. Lady Mary often says, in her lively way, that this little black-eyed gipsy has rivalled her in all our affections. But do not suppose, from what I have said of Miss Aubrey, that I feel for her any thing more than that esteem to which merit like her's is entitled. You know, Hambden, I was never very apt to be enamoured. I have admired many a fair face and many a fine form; but, as to love, I am yet a stranger to it; it, therefore, cannot be supposed I should admit such a guest at this time, when every faculty of my mind is absorbed in affliction; therefore, my friend, spare your remarks on this score.

My

My uncle Walton will leave us in a few days. He is vastly altered since you saw him in London, and, from a fine convivial old fellow, as you then termed him, is become remarkably grave. Nobody can assign any cause for this change but his younger son's going to the East-Indies, a few months ago, who was always supposed to be his favourite child. It seems the old gentleman strongly opposed his son's voyage, and offered to settle on him something very genteel if he would give up the scheme; but in vain: the boy's heart was set on going, and the intreaties of his father rather seemed to make him the more ardently wish it. A strange disposition, I think, and it seems to have had rather a melancholy effect on the father. My mother's suffering  
has,

has, too, I believe, added to his lowness of spirits, and he seems very much to wish himself at home; and, as I think his being here can be of no service to either of them, I no longer press his stay.

His daughter Emily, whom you have often heard me mention, is soon to be married to a Captain Hammond, of the navy. She is very pretty, sensible, and lively; and, when I was about fifteen, I fancied myself passionately in love with her; but I soon found it was only the vapours of an idle brain.

When will you, my dear Hambden, favour us with your company at Morely-park? I am impelled to wish for you at present from a selfish consideration, (setting aside every other,) as three females are too many for me to escort

in



in my present state of mind. Poor Lady Mary is, I believe, dying of *ennui*, and thinks me a horrid stupid fellow, for I have not said one civil thing to her since my being here; and gallantry is what these beauties are so accustomed to they cannot live without it. Do come then, my friend. You were always a finer fellow among the ladies than I am, and will now appear with singular advantage, for there is none who can stand in any competition with you in this part of the world. I expect to hear from you soon, and am, as ever,

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES MORELY.

## LETTER VI.

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN

TO

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Wimpole-street, June 22.

**Y**ES, Charles, I will come to Morely-park; not to see you, but the divinities that reside there. I was once in love with Lady Mary Castleton.—She is, certainly, a charming girl, but must not think to engross me now, where there are two new faces. From your description, I do not think Miss Aubrey is handsome enough for me. I leave the amiable girls for such milk-and-water fellows as a certain friend of mine. But give me the beautiful; and your sister, if report say true, is divinely

ly



ly so: but, should my heart become her captive, I hope she will use it with gentleness, as it has generally met with kind receptions hitherto, and cruel treatment would certainly end in something tragical.

The Captain Hammond you mention I know perfectly. I first became acquainted with him about two years ago. He is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and a very worthy fellow. He has a sister now in town, a little fair dumpling of a girl, by some thought handsome, but not at all to my taste.

My brother, the clergyman, is now with me. I observed this morning he looked remarkably grave, and, on enquiring the cause, find he has been so foolish as to fall in love with the daughter of a country gentleman, of very small

fortune, but cannot marry her without some little assistance from me. It is a disagreeable affair, but I have promised to do all I can towards making him happy.

I purpose being with you some time next week, and shall spend a few days with Gayton in my way.

Present my best compliments to your good mother, and kiss the fair hands of all the young ladies for me.

Adieu, Charles, and believe me

Your's faithfully,

EDWARD HAMBDEN.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

JOHN WALTON, ESQ.

TO

MRS. MORELY.

Sudbrook, June 25.

My dear sister,

I Arrived here yesterday time enough to dinner, extremely fatigued, to which my lowness of spirits, in no small degree, contributed. You will, perhaps, think I have little right to speak of your dejection, being myself so very melancholy at Morely-park; but suffer me to say, my dear sister, you were the chief cause of that melancholy. It is true, since the departure of my dear boy, I have lost something of my former cheerfulness, but I never suffered it so

far to affect me as to render me unfit for the duties of social life.

I allow, the loss you have sustained is great; but consider your children, my dear sister; — above all, consider your daughter, whose extreme youth will greatly need a parental guide, not to mention her beauty, the delicacy of her temper, and her education.

Charles is all I could wish him, and I have not a doubt but Louisa will find in him the utmost tenderness and affection: but, if you suffer yourself thus to be lost to society, it will most certainly be productive of the most disagreeable consequences to your daughter, just at this time, when she is entering into life, and will want every assistance that can be given her by those of more experience than herself.

This

This is a very serious consideration, my dear sister, but there are others still more so: — your duty to heaven requires you to submit to its dispensations, however afflictive they may be, and not to sink under them, as it shews a degree of cowardice (if I may be allowed the expression) which a good Christian will never suffer herself to fall into, but will always look up, with humble confidence, to that Being, who never suffers his creatures to be afflicted beyond what they are able to bear.

I hope, my dear sister, you will consider seriously of what I have said, and suffer religion, maternal affection, and your own good sense, to assist in shaking off this load of grief that now oppresses you; and, as another inducement, be



assured I can never taste of happiness while you are so wretched.

Emily joins me in saying every thing that affection can dictate to you and your dear family.

Adieu, my dear sister. Let me once more entreat you to use every method to regain your wonted cheerfulness; and be assured I am ever

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN WALTON.

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## LETTER VIII.

MRS. MORELY

TO

JOHN WALTON, ESQ.

Morely-park, July 1.

**W**ITH the most grateful sense of my dear brother's goodness, and

a thorough conviction of the propriety of his advice, I yet feel myself unable to follow it. Would to heaven it was in my power on many accounts, but chiefly on that of my poor girl! My only consolation is, I leave her in the hands of a good and merciful Being, who will, I trust, more than supply the loss of her earthly parents.

I do all in my power to forget my sorrow, but in vain. You know my constitution was always delicate, and this stroke is more than it can bear:—yet, my dear brother, a few months and this poor frame will be mingled with its kindred dust! Perhaps I am wrong in this declaration: but I hope, although you feel, you will feel as a man and a Christian; and, at the same time, do me the justice to believe, I

have used my utmost endeavours to surmount my affliction ; but from the first I feared it was impossible.

Dr. Smith, who was here this morning, advises me to try the South of France. I think he suspects a decline. I will do any thing for the satisfaction of my family, but in my case little will it avail ; for, “ a wounded spirit, who can bear ? ”

Tell my dearest Emily I rejoice to hear of her approaching union with Captain Hammond ; and that she may be as happy as it is possible to be, in this life, is the earnest wish of my soul !

My family has had an addition since you left us ; Sir Edward Hambden, the bosom-friend of my son. He has been here only one day, but appears sensible and accomplished, and, from the ac-  
count

count Charles gives of him, possesses many other valuable qualities.

My son and daughter beg their duty to you, and join me in sincere love to Emily.

I am, as ever, my dear brother's

Affectionate

LOUISA MORELY.

## LETTER IX.

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN

TO

ROBERT GAYTON, ESQ.

Morely-park, July 5.

**I**F there be one particle of envy in thy composition, Gayton, it must be awakened by the account I shall give of my present situation:—for I am literally

C 6

surrounded

surrounded by the Graces; and foremost of the lovely trio I place the beauteous Louisa Morely, a delicate figure of eighteen, with auburn hair, fine hazel eyes, expressive of the sweetness of her temper and the sensibility of her soul, an aquiline nose, and a mouth that beggars all description. Her stature cannot strictly be termed tall, but very nearly approaches that standard; — her complexion fair, and rather more expressive of delicacy than health. Thus far her person. Her mental qualifications I am not yet thoroughly sensible of, and can only now tell you she is sensible, polite, and tremblingly alive to the joys and sorrows of her fellow-beings.

Next on my list is Lady Mary Castleton. I became acquainted with her last  
winter



winter at Lady A——'s. Her figure the Venus de Medicis does not excel: her features are regular, adorned with as fine a mixture of white and red as ever Dame Nature bestowed; yet, in my opinion,

“ She wants that certain charm, that winning  
grace,

That conquers surer than the finest face.”

She is not deficient in understanding, and is lively to excess; but her vivacity is childish, and, being early taught to consider herself as a miracle of beauty, she thinks the improvement of her mind very unnecessary. I made love to her last winter because it was the fashion, but never could I be attached to a mere lump of beauty.

Very different from Lady Mary is Sophia Aubrey, a description of whom

I

I shewed you in a letter of Morely's. But I think her person prettier than I supposed from that description; yet, were it even plain, she must be an object of admiration, as the expression of her countenance, her voice, and manner, are attractive in the highest degree: virtue, sentiment, delicacy, are written in every feature, and a tincture of melancholy, which she strives to conceal, makes her still more interesting. I do not know how to account for it, but she has crept into my heart, and I cannot dislodge her:—her image haunts me:—I am angry with myself, and will think no more of her. What! a poor baronet, with an encumbered estate, to fall in love with the dependent niece of a gay, capricious, widow! Folly indeed! Better (according to the maxims of

of the world) take the widow herself, which I have serious thoughts of doing unseen, as I hear her purse is pretty well filled. She is daily expected from town, when Morely is to introduce me to her, and, if she be barely tolerable, I purpose making a lady of her. You find I set aside every idea of a refusal; for, what widow of thirty-eight could reject a tall, proper, fellow of twenty-four, with impudence, vivacity, and a title, to recommend him? why, such a phenomenon was never heard of, man!

As for Morely, I am sure he will make no conquest, till he has laid aside the grave face he at present wears: but, sorry am I to say it, he has great reason for being grave, for I fear his worthy mother will not long be an inhabitant of this world. Poor Louisa seems the  
only

only person who is unsuspicious of Mrs. Morely's danger, and I think it is well she is so. Her physician advises her to try the South of France: Charles has prevailed on her to go, and preparations are making for their departure. Louisa supposes it is to remove her mother from the present scene of things, where every object reminds her of the loss she has sustained.

Lady Mary leaves us in a few days. I believe she is partly sorry on my account, as I am a real acquisition to her, for she was dying for somebody to coquet with before I came; but I could not in conscience suffer a fair lady to languish for want of having a few civil things said to her, and have flattered her vanity so agreeably, that she declares I am the sweetest fellow existing.

You

You see, Gayton, I give you a full and particular account of my rural amours: now suffer me to ask what you purpose by your great attention to that pretty, innocent, girl, that attends your sisters? You perhaps thought I did not observe it, but indeed I did; and it gave me pain, though I could not mention it to you. I hope and believe you detest the character of a seducer; but, setting that aside, by your present conduct you may do her a most material injury, by gaining that heart which should be reserved for some man, who would, perhaps, esteem himself happy in making her his wife, in which light, I presume, you do not wish to consider her. Suffer me, then, to advise you, as you regard your own and her peace, to alter your behaviour towards her. You will,



will, perhaps, laugh to hear such language from me; but, Gayton, wild as I am in appearance, I defy malice itself to say I ever took pains to rob an innocent girl of her peace of mind, in whatever rank of life she was placed, as that is a distinction, which, in cases of this sort, has little weight with me; for, surely, the mind of a poor girl, who is obliged to earn her bread, may be equally susceptible, and her character ought to be as sacred, as if she were possessed of rank, wealth, and powerful friends, and every man of real honour will as much dread doing her an injury.

I do not imagine my stay here will exceed a month. Morely accompanies his mother and sister to France, and I suppose they will depart soon after Mrs.

Summers's

Summers's return. Miss Aubrey's being here prevents their going before.

I beg my respects to every part of your family, and am

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD HAMBDEN.

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## LETTER X.

ROBERT GAYTON, ESQ.

TO

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN.

Ashby-place, July 7.

**N**O, faith, Hambden, I am not at all envious about your three Graces, although I allow all due praise to your description: but, if Venus herself were to descend among us, she would not, I imagine, attract the love of all mankind;

mankind;—every man has his particular taste, for which there is no accounting;—it is, I believe, sympathy, not beauty, that is the mother of love, else what can occasion those strange attachments we often see among us?

Your lecture about Eliza Woodward, I own, not a little surprised me: why, I did not think it was in thee, Hambden. What a pity you were not in orders instead of your brother! you would, I am sure, be an ornament to the church. However, you judge rightly that I detest the character of a seducer, and I assure you I have no designs against this girl which will ever make my sanctified friend blush for me.

I really feel for the distresses of the Morely family. Poor Charles! how much is he to be pitied!

And

And now, my friend, to shew my grateful sense of your favours, I will give you a piece of advice. Beware of Miss Aubrey, or you are a lost man: by your description, she is one of those females that steal on the affections imperceptibly, and are the more dangerous because not possessed of beauty, which puts us on our guard.

Remember me to Morely. I purpose being in town soon, there to remain for some time.

Farewel. You know how sincerely  
I am

Yours

ROBERT GAYTON.

LETTER

## LETTER XI.

MISS WALTON

TO

MISS MORELY.

Sudbrook, July 14.

**C**ONTRARY to the expectations of my dear Louisa, behold another letter from Emily Walton, which name I am in no haste to part with, now I am assured of the attachment of my Hammond; for, blest as I am in his society, what can I wish for more? I own to you, my Louisa, there is a solemnity in the idea of being married which frightens me. Hammond is very pressing with me to name the happy day, as he terms it; but I persist in my resolution to wait the return of my brother,



ther, which probably will not be for some weeks. My swain frequently pants at my cruelty, but it has little effect on Emily. I tell him it is necessary he should learn to bear disappointments patiently before he becomes a husband.

Take care of your heart, for I find Sir Edward Hambden is with you, and, if fame say true, a charming fellow he is; but be on your guard, for a general admirer is not the man I should wish my Louisa to be attached to.

I hope ere now my dear aunt has, in some degree, shaken off her melancholy. I think, could she be prevailed on to leave Morely-park, for a time, it might greatly contribute toward her recovery. I wish you would all come and spend a few weeks with us here. Try, my Louisa, if you cannot prevail on your  
dear

dear mamma to do so. Sudbrook shall display all its charms to receive you, and we will be as happy as the day is long.

I suppose Lady Mary Castleton has ere now left you; if not, remember me to her very affectionately, and tell her I admit of her excuse for not writing, (of which my father informed me,) as I know indolence to be inherent in her nature.

I last week received a letter from Miss Hammond. She mentions you in the most affectionate terms, and proposes being here in a few days; therefore if you can prevail on my aunt to favour us with a visit, you will see your old favourite, and happy will Miss Hammond be, I am well assured, to see my Louisa.

My

My father is, I think, rather more cheerful than when at Morely-park. Indeed, Louisa, the departure of John was a severe stroke to him, and we were all in the horrors for some time after; but I hope the dear boy will return in a few years a nabob; this is my only consolation for the loss we have sustained in being deprived of his dear society.

Remember me to your brother, and tell him I hear sad accounts of him; — that he has lost all his politeness to the ladies, and is grown absolutely dull. If he comes here, the air of Sudbrook will, I doubt not, do wonders for him, for we have no dull swains among us.

With duty to your dear mamma, I am my dear Louisa's

Affectionate

EMILY WALTON.

VOL. I.

D

LETTER

## LETTER XII.

MISS MORELY

TO

MISS WALTON.

Morely-park, July 30.

**T**HANKS to my Emily for her very kind invitation to Sudbrook; but it is now impossible we should accept of it, as we are making preparations to visit the South of France, whither my mamma has consented to go, by the advice of Dr. Smith, chiefly (my brother says) to amuse her mind by new objects, as every thing at Morely-park reminds her of her loss. They assure me there is no danger apprehended, yet my spirits are greatly depressed since I have known of this intended journey.

Lady

Lady Mary has left us, but Miss Aubrey (whom, I suppose, you have heard my uncle mention) is still here, as is Sir Edward Hambden, who is really a most agreeable man; but my dear Emily's caution is needless, as my heart is in no danger; yet I rather suspect his is in jeopardy with Miss Aubrey, and my sweet friend appears not totally indifferent to Sir Edward: but sorry shall I be if my suspicions are just, as it will be an unfortunate attachment for both parties. It is whispered here that Miss Aubrey's aunt has a lover in town; this, I suppose, occasions her long stay there.

Sir Edward talks of leaving us in a few days. My brother presses him to favour us with his company while we remain here, but he seems resolved on  
D 2 going.



going. Perhaps he thinks "the only way to conquer is by flight."

Remember me to Miss Hammond when you see her, and present my compliments to your future.

Adieu, my Emily. "May every happiness be your's" is the sincere prayer of

LOUISA MORELY.

## LETTER XIII.

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN

TO

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Wimpole-street, Aug. 3.

I Believe, Morely, you think my abrupt departure rather extraordinary, but to be plain with you, my friend, I durst no longer trust myself under the  
same

same roof with Miss Aubrey. Could you believe that the gay, rattling, Hambden, is absolutely fascinated by this little enchantress? How strange is this preference! I have seen ten thousand handsomer women than Sophia Aubrey, have likewise conversed with many possessed of good sense and amiable tempers, but, till I beheld her, I never felt more than admiration for the sex. It is true, I have often said I loved, and even thought so, but it was because I knew no better, and had never seen the woman capable of inspiring me with a real passion.

I have not vanity enough to suppose I am of the least consequence in the eyes of my lovely conqueror, but, were I assured she preferred me to all my sex, I could not in honour or conscience, si-

tuated as my affairs are, avail myself of such a preference : no, believe me, Charles, sincerely as I regard Miss Aubrey, I would on no consideration solicit her hand, without I was enabled to support her in a manner she has a right to expect ; therefore my only resource is pleasure and dissipation, which I hope will efface from my mind the impression she has made. May she meet with some worthier and more happy man, who can support her in a situation to which merit like her's is entitled ! for, although I must never consider her in any light but that of a friend, her welfare will ever be the first wish of my soul.

I can neither think or write, at present, on any subject but this lovely girl. Ah ! my friend, till now I never repined at my situation ; but discontent has ta-

ken

ken possession of my mind, and will not, I fear, be easily removed.

My best respects attend all at Morely-park. I rely on hearing from you before you leave England, and am, as ever,

Yours,

E. HAMBDEN.

## LETTER XIV.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN.

Morely-park, August 6.

**Y**OU think, Hambden, you have imparted a secret to me, by the account you give of your attachment to Miss Aubrey; but believe me, my

D 4

friend,

friend, I needed not this information, as your every word and action made it evident from the first week of your being at Morely-park, and I judged it to be the cause of your abrupt departure. You think very differently from me, Hambden, otherwise you would not fly from the only woman capable of making you happy, only because your fortune will not allow you to support her in the highest style of elegance. It is true, your estate is rather encumbered, but you have yet enough to support a wife in such a manner as would not disgrace your title, and with that, if Miss Aubrey could return your affection, she would, I am well assured, be perfectly content, and more than content; she would be unspeakably happy in possessing the man of her heart.

From



From what I have said, you perhaps think I know something of the lady's heart, but, believe me, I do not: I have observed her very narrowly, both while you were here and since you have left us, but, from her behaviour, see no reason to suppose she feels for you any thing beyond esteem.

I have likewise questioned Louisa. She declares Miss Aubrey has never said a word which could give the smallest reason to suppose she preferred you to the rest of her male acquaintance; yet Louisa suspects you have occasioned no small disturbance in the bosom of her friend; but what her reasons are for this belief I cannot discover.

By what I have said on this subject, I by no means wish to influence your conduct; you best know the plan you

mean to pursue through life, and will, I doubt not, act consistently with it.

Mrs. Summers returned to Harwood last week, and immediately wrote my mother a very polite letter, thanking her for her civilities to Miss Aubrey, and requesting her return. She apologized for not immediately waiting on my mother, by being rather indisposed, and fatigued from her journey.

The following day my sister and myself attended Miss Aubrey to Harwood. Mrs. Summers received us with great politeness. The sweet Sophia was really rejoiced to see her, but all was coldness on the part of Mrs. Summers. We stayed till near dinner-time, and took our leave. Tears stood in the lovely eyes of Miss Aubrey when we bade her adieu.

adieu, and Louisa wept for some time after we were seated in the chariot. She often says she never felt so lively an affection for any creature existing, her mother and myself excepted, as she does for Miss Aubrey. She flatters herself with the hope of seeing her again before we leave England; but I do not think it likely, as our stay here will not exceed another week, and I do not imagine the delicate widow will, by that time, be sufficiently recovered to visit us.

My mother is, I think, much worse since you left us; no language can describe what I feel on her account. — Louisa, too, observes it with silent anguish. Oh! Hambden, I tremble to think of the event.

You will hear from me as soon as we reach France. Remember me to

all our friends in town, and be assured I  
am

Your faithful

C. MORELY.

## LETTER XV.

MISS AUBREY

TO

MISS MORELY.

Harwood, August 10.

I Hoped to have seen my dear Miss  
Morely again before her departure  
for France, but I find it will now be  
impossible, as my aunt thinks her in-  
disposition rather increased since we saw  
you, which puts an end to our intended  
visit to Morely-park; but could not  
suffer



suffer you to leave England, without assuring you, and your dear mamma, that your goodness to me is not bestowed on an ungrateful heart:—no, dear Miss Morely, be assured while Sophia Aubrey exists, she can never cease to love and esteem you; and if, as you assure me, my correspondence will afford you any satisfaction, I will often write, and rely on your promise of favouring me with a letter as soon as you reach France.

I fancy our intelligence respecting my aunt is not totally without foundation. I am not honoured with her confidence, but I find there is a male visitor expected here very soon. If she enter a second time into the marriage-state, I sincerely wish her as worthy a partner as she



she had in the first; a better I think no woman need desire.

I beg my best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Morely, and am, with the most grateful affection,

Ever yours,

SOPHIA AUBREY.

## LETTER XVI.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN.

Montpellier, September 2.

**I** Embrace the first leisure moment I have had since we left England to inform my dear Hambden that we are arrived at Montpellier, after a journey rendered

rendered rather unpleasant by my mother's illness, who could ill bear the fatigue of travelling. I flattered myself that the sight of a country she had never seen before, and which is certainly beautiful, setting aside the charm of novelty, would have amused her during our journey, and proved a means of drawing her off from that deep reflexion in which she is perpetually buried: but I have been deceived; she appeared quite insensible to every thing that occurred; and, when I observed to her the beauties of the country, or the different manners and customs of the inhabitants from those of England, she barely assented to my remark.

I have procured one of the most eminent physicians here to attend her; but he declares that, in her case, little will  
his

his art avail, as her disorder is of the mind, and the most effectual medicine he can recommend is cheerful society, and as large a portion of amusement as her spirits will admit of. I was extremely pleased with this gentleman's conversation, as he is a man of excellent sense, great humanity, and appears to have a thorough knowledge of the human heart. I imparted to my mother the advice he had given:—she smiled in a manner I cannot describe, and said, the doctor must indeed be very ignorant of the state of her mind, to suppose her capable of receiving any pleasure from amusement:—“I am come here, Charles, (said she,) chiefly because it was your wish, but, believe me, going into company, which I am at present incapable of enjoying, will not in  
the

the least contribute to my recovery; peace and retirement are all I now wish, and gladly would I have remained at Morely-park, but you would not have been content." I have been wretched since this conversation, and plainly see she gives herself up a prey to sorrow.

Louisa has been extremely low-spirited ever since our arrival: her fears about my mother I know to be the cause, but she does not express them even to me.

I have met with an old friend of ours here, no other than Sedley. He called on us this morning, and has promised to be very social while he remains here; but his stay will not be long, as his father wrote, informing him that something of importance requires his  
immediate



immediate presence in England, but does not say what it is.

I hear Mrs. Summers is soon to be married, in which case you will most probably see Miss Aubrey in town. I hope to hear from you soon, and am, as ever,

Yours,

C. MORELY.

LETTER



## LETTER XVII.

MISS MORELY

TO

MISS AUBREY.

Montpellier, September 14.

**M**Y dear Sophia will, I am well assured, forgive my not writing to her immediately on our arrival, when she knows that my dear mamma is much worse than when we left England, and my mind has been in so distracted a state ever since, that it is with great difficulty I can compose myself sufficiently to write to you even now. Oh! Miss Aubrey, it is impossible for my pen to describe my present sufferings.

I

I see evidently that my dear parent is hastening to another world, and will leave her wretched daughter, in every sense, an orphan. I dare not impart my feelings to my brother, although I know his fears are equal to my own.

You will not now expect a description of this place; I can only say it has charms which at present I am incapable of enjoying.

We have a very agreeable English family that lodges in the same house with us, Sir Francis Ellerton, his lady, and two daughters. The eldest, a very elegant woman, about twenty, is thought to be in a decline, which occasions their being here. We are on a very friendly footing with them. They were here some time before us, and hearing we were English, immediately solicited our acquaintance.

acquaintance. Lady Ellerton is a most amiable woman, and shews my dear mamma the most polite attention; and Sir Francis is the emblem of good sense and benevolence.

I shall be impatient to hear from you, and wish it were in my power to be a more entertaining correspondent, but know the friendship of my dear Sophia will make every allowance for her

Affectionate

LOUISE MORELY.

LETTER

## LETTER XVIII.

SIR EDWARD HAMDBEN

TO

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Wimpole-street, September 25.

**Y**OUR last letter, my dear Morely, has given me the most real concern, yet I hope Mrs. Morely's case is not so bad as you seem to apprehend: your fears about her make you place every thing in the darkest point of view; but I doubt not soon to hear Montpelier has restored her health and cheerfulness.

What you said in your former letter respecting Miss Aubrey has afforded me  
both



both pleasure and pain. Could I, with any propriety, offer this lovely girl my hand, how should I rejoice to be assured she preferred me to the rest of my sex; but, as matters are situated, I rather wish it may be otherwise, as it would but augment my uneasiness to think she had bestowed her affections on a man whose ill fate renders him unworthy of her.

It is supposed Mrs. Summers is married, or soon to be so, as Mr. Villars has been some time at Harwood. I have been frequently in his company, but cannot say I have a very high opinion of him. With many he passes for a man of sense, because he has a great deal of superficial conversation; but consummate art, vanity, and selfishness, are,



are, if I mistake not, the principal traits in his character.

Gayton and his sisters are in town. He called at my lodgings this morning, and engaged me to be of their party to-morrow to Ranelagh. I would gladly have been excused, for I have now no relish for any amusement. When I left Morely-park, I imagined dissipation would soon have effaced the idea of Miss Aubrey; but I find the heart, that has once been her conquest cannot so easily regain its freedom.

I have seen Lady Mary Castleton frequently since my return from Morely-park. She is, as usual, all life and spirits, has a train of admirers, and, among the number, one whose addresses, it is generally believed, will be successful, as her father is strongly in his interest.

terest. His name is Manning. He is lately arrived from the East-Indies with an immense fortune, but I should not suppose he can be very agreeable to the lady, as he is at least as old as her father: however, if he supports her in gaiety and extravagance, I do not imagine she will repine at her lot.

Remember me to Sedley. His sister has, I hear, greatly offended her father by refusing an advantageous match, and the old fellow is so exasperated with her, that he vows never to be reconciled, if she persist in her obstinacy; and this, in all probability, is his reason for hastening his son's return.

I propose going to Elmsdown in a few days, and shall most likely remain some weeks there. My brother is married since you left England to the lady

I mentioned in a former letter. He has purchased a living of about 300l. per annum, which, added to his estate, will, I hope, enable them to live agreeably to their wishes. When I go to Elmsdown, I propose spending a great part of my time with them, as their present residence is but a few miles distant.

My compliments attend Mrs. and Miss Morely. Adieu.

E. HAMBLEN.

LETTER

## LETTER XIX.

MISS AUBREY

TO

MISS MORELY.

Harwood, October 3.

**H**OW sincerely do I sympathise with my dear Louisa in her present uneasiness, yet I hope your dear mamma's danger is not so great as you imagine. You must not suffer yourself to be so depressed at the apparent increase of her illness, which, perhaps, at the time you wrote last, chiefly proceeded from the fatigue of her journey, and I hope by your next to receive a more agreeable account.

E 2

Yours



You will not, I imagine, be surprised to hear of my aunt's marriage. Yesterday the knot was tied, and to-morrow we set off for London, there to remain the winter. You will expect a description of Mr. Villars.—He is a tall, genteel, man, with a face rather agreeable than handsome. But of his mind I am at a loss what to say. With an appearance of great frankness, he is the most reserved man I ever knew. I have frequently endeavoured to learn his opinion on subjects by which I might be enabled to judge of his character, but in vain. He makes it a rule never to differ from me in opinion, except in compliance with that of my aunt. He is extremely polite, and even affectionate, in his behaviour to me, and I must be highly unjust to have the smallest prejudice against



against him; yet to you, my Louisa, will I own there is a constraint in his manner, which makes me apprehensive lest his behaviour is assumed to answer the present purpose: but, perhaps, I am deceived in my opinion of him, and sincerely do I wish, for my aunt's sake as well as my own, that I may be so.

I beg my best respects to your mamma and brother. Farewel, my dearest friend. Write soon, and believe me

Ever yours,

SOPHIA AUBREY.

E 3

LETTER

## LETTER XX.

LADY ELLERTON.

MRS. H. M. M. O. N. D.

Montpellier, October 8.

**I** Am obliged, madam, to be the messenger of melancholy tidings; but, as you must, in some measure, be prepared for what I have to communicate, I hope you will be less shocked when I inform you, that your worthy aunt, Mrs. Morely, is no more. She expired yesterday morning; but, as both Mr. and Miss Morely are at this time unable to write, I offered to perform the melancholy office, as I thought it necessary her family

mily should be informed of her death; and you will believe me, madam, when I say, that, although a stranger to Mrs. Morely till chance placed us in the same lodging-house together, I feel extremely on the present occasion, and sincerely sympathise with all her friends, as her character was so truly amiable, that to know her was to esteem her. It was her dying request to be buried near her husband; she will, therefore, as soon as possible, be conveyed to England. Mr. Morely will likewise leave this place soon, but, by my advice, Miss Morely is to remain here, and accompany my family to England, which will be in a few weeks, as at present it would be highly improper for her to undertake such a journey. They both beg

to be remembered affectionately to Mr.  
Walton, yourself, and family.

I am, madam, with respect,

Your most humble servant,

CAROLINE ELLERTON.

LETTER



## LETTER XXI.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN.

Montpellier, October 20.

**B**EFORE my friend receives this letter, he will, I imagine, have heard of the affliction in which we are involved. My dear mother is no more! it is now a fortnight since she breathed her last in my arms. O Hambden, it is impossible for language to convey any idea of that scene! My sister was removed from her apartment some hours before her death, but no intreaty could prevail on me to leave her, till her

E 5

blessed



blest spirit took its flight to the regions of immortal glory.

Her solicitude for Louisa prevailed in her last moments:—"Your sister, (said she,) my Charles, will now have no friend but you; to your care I commit this lovely, blooming, flower. Oh! guard her from the rough blast of adversity; be her guardian, her protector, her friend!"—and I will most assuredly obey her injunctions. Louisa has been very ill ever since this melancholy event, and is not yet able to leave her apartment.

We have experienced great friendship from the family of Sir Francis Ellerton, who lodges in the same house with us, and whose behaviour to my mother and sister reflect the highest honour on their humanity. Lady Eller-

ton has offered to take Louisa under her care, and bring her with them to England, but thinks she had better remain here some weeks longer. I purpose leaving this place to-morrow, as my dear parent's interment will require my presence in England.

Adieu, my friend. Believe me ever

Yours faithfully,

C. MORELY.

L 6

LETTER

## LETTER XXII.

MRS. HAMMOND

TO

MISS MORELY.

Sudbrook, November 4.

**C**HARLES arrived here yesterday, and, being fatigued after his journey, employs me as his amanuensis to inform my dear Louisa of his arrival, and to enquire after her health. I hope it will not be long ere we shall see you in England. — Will my dear Louisa make Sudbrook her home? It is the wish of my father as well as myself, and if agreeable to you, I am sure will be highly so to your brother.

Hammond

Hammond intended purchasing a small villa, but my father so strongly opposed our leaving him, that, in compliance with his wishes, he gave up the scheme, and, to make all parties easy, rents Sudbrook of my father, who boards with us.

I suppose you have heard of my brother's return. He looks extremely well, and begs to be most affectionately remembered to my Louisa, as does Miss Hammond, who has been here ever since our marriage.

I am quite charmed with the account Charles gives of the worthy family with whom you now are, and must be acquainted with them when you come to England, for I absolutely revere such benevolent beings.

All

All here join me in assuring you of our sincere love and best wishes, and ardently desire to see you soon at Sudbrook, where you will find a happy party of friends, who will consider you as a real acquisition to their society.

Adieu, my Louisa, and I assure you of the invariable affection of

EMILY HAMMOND.

LETTER



## LETTER XXIII.

MISS MORELY

TO

MRS. HAMMOND.

Montpellier, November 20.

**A** Fever, by which I have been severely attacked since the departure of my brother, has prevented my sooner acknowledging the receipt of my dear Emily's letter. I hope it has now entirely left me, and am extremely desirous to return to England, but Lady Ellerton thinks I am not yet sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey. How shall I describe to you, my Emily, the tenderness and attention I have experienced

rienced from this worthy lady and her amiable daughters! How providential was our being placed in the same house with them! for surely I must have sunk under my afflictions but for their friendly assiduity; and I trust that Being, who suffers not any of our actions to escape his notice, will reward them for their unequalled goodness to a poor distressed girl.

I thank my ever-dear Emily for her very kind invitation to reside at Sudbrook, to which, if it meets with the approbation of my brother, I can have no objection.

Accept of my sincere congratulation on your present change of situation, and be assured my most ardent prayers are offered for your enjoying happiness as unmixed

unmixed as ever fell to the lot of mortality.

Remember me affectionately to all  
at Sudbrook, and think me

Ever yours,

LOUISA MORELY.

**LETTER**

## LETTER XXIV.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN.

Morely-park, November 12.

I Am now, my friend, at Morely-park, surrounded by every thing that can add to the anguish of my soul. I have seen the lifeless form of my lamented mother deposited in the silent tomb, and shall to-morrow set off for Sudbrook, and thence for London, to wait the arrival of Louisa, whom I daily expect there.

I went to Sudbrook the day after my arrival from France. My uncle and  
Mrs.



Mrs. Hammond pressed me to come and spend some time with them. Louisa will, I believe, make it her home, as they ardently wish it; and I know no place so proper for her, as Mrs. Hammond is the nearest female relation we have; — her disposition is amiable, and there has been a friendship between Louisa and her from childhood. By the little I have seen of Captain Hammond, I have not a doubt but he will do justice to the character you once gave me of him, and make my amiable Emily happy.

George Walton is returned from Italy. I believe you have often heard me mention him as a very fine youth, and he is now highly improved. His person is, I think, too handsome for a man; his features and complexion would grace the



the fairest of the fair sex, and his form is symmetry itself; his conversation is polite, sensible, and entertaining. He proposes accompanying me to town, and, if you are by that time returned from Elmsdown, I shall introduce him to you; but, if you propose remaining longer there, I shall spend a few days with you, as soon as I have fixed my sister at Sudbrook, as I do not think our being together will be of any service to either of us at this time.

Sir James Sidney has been here ever since my arrival. He was one of my father's most intimate friends, and is a very worthy character. He accompanies me to-morrow to Sudbrook, having business to transact with my uncle Walton.

Tell

Tell your brother I congratulate him  
on his nuptials, and present my best  
compliments to his lady.

I am, as ever, dear Hambden,

Yours,

C. MORELY.

LETTER

## LETTER XXV.

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN

TO

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Elmsdown, November 18.

I Will not attempt to say any thing of what I have felt from the contents of your last letters. You are, I believe, convinced I am your friend, and of consequence your distress is mine. I never could discover any use in endeavouring to persuade people they must divest themselves of the feelings natural to human nature; and I am well persuaded, all the common-place advice usually offered under the name of condolence,

lance, never yet afforded any relief to a mind in distress. You will easily believe I bear a part in your present affliction, and if I can, in any respect, be useful to you, let me know it, for you are convinced I am never happier than when rendering you service.

I purpose being here some time longer, and wish to see you as soon as possible, as I think you will be better here than at Sudbrook, both on the account of Miss Morely and yourself. The cheerful society at Sudbrook, and the tenderness of Mrs. Hammond, will, I doubt not, greatly contribute to her recovery; but I must have the management of you, therefore do not delay coming one moment longer than is necessary.



I have strange news to communicate respecting a certain new-married pair, now in London. It seems the widow is absolutely taken in; and I am apt to believe, if none suffered but herself, she would find few to sympathise with her; but, when I reflect that the most lovely of women must suffer with her, it is to me a source of real concern. You will, I imagine, see them in town. What a meeting will there be between your sister and her lovely friend! I would not be present for the universe, for never could I bear to see the loveliest part of the creation in distress.

You will be surprised when I inform you that I am disgusted with the pleasures of the town, in which I lately found so much delight, and have contracted a taste for rural life. Come, then, and  
give



give me your assistance, for I am going to make some alterations in my house and gardens, but defer them till I see you, as I know you are a person of great taste in those matters.

Present my best compliments to Miss Morely. If Mr. Walton will honour me so far as to accompany you to Elmsdown, I shall be very happy.

Adieu, dear Morely. Believe me, with truth,

Your faithful

E. HAMBDEN.

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## LETTER XXVI.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN.

Cavendish-Square, Nov. 29.

WELL, Hambden, you may expect me at Elmsdown in a few days. My sister is here, poor, dear, girl, and looks most wretchedly. Lady Ellerton and her daughters appear really attached to her, and Sir Francis declares he loves her with an affection nearly equal to his own children. Surely, in generous breasts, pity is a strong incentive to regard. I cannot tell you, my friend, how grateful my heart is to this

this worthy family for their great tenderness to my poor, dear, Louisa. May heaven reward them!—it is impossible I ever can. Did I tell you what occasioned their being at Montpellier?—the ill health of their eldest daughter. The faculty suspected a consumption, and advised the South of France. They were there some months, and think it has been of great service to her. She is a very lovely girl, but how shall I describe the enchanting graces of her younger sister, Caroline! I will not attempt it, for it is impossible I can do her justice; but when you come to town I will introduce you to the family, and I am sure you must own all other women are nothing when compared with Caroline Ellerton. Louisa informs me that during her illness, after I left Mont-

pellier, this dear creature scarcely ever left her bed-side, but watched over her with the utmost solicitude; — yes, Hambden, her soul is the residence of heaven-born charity, and every other virtue.

I have seen Miss Aubrey. It was a most affecting interview between my sister and her. Mr. and Mrs. Villars have likewise been here, and appear very happy and very fond, but appearances are not always to be relied on. I wish to know what you have heard of them, and how you could get your intelligence; surely you must keep spies in pay, how else you should know any thing of their affairs is to me astonishing.

George Walton cannot now accept your invitation; but you must be acquainted,



quainted, and I think you will find him worthy your friendship. He returns with us to Sudbrook, where I shall stay while Sir James Sidney remains there, which I do not imagine will exceed a few days.

Lady Mary Castleton called on us yesterday, and appears to feel most sensibly for our loss. She has, I believe, an excellent heart, and I hope Mr. Manning, to whom she is soon to be united, will make her happy. Both Lady Mary and Miss Aubrey enquired for you, the latter with a blush celestial, rosy-red! What could be more propitious! Oh! Hambden, why will you thus wilfully reject the happiness which heaven proffers you? I have much more to say on that and other subjects, but will trea-



sure them up for conversation at Elm-  
down; so farewel.

CHARLES MORELY.

LETTER

## LETTER XXVII.

MISS AUBREY

TO

MISS MORELY.

Grovesnor-street, December 7.

**W**HEN I saw my dear Louisa in town, I had no opportunity of communicating what has given me the most real concern. How deceitful are appearances! My aunt, I fear, already repents her precipitate marriage. Mr. Villars's fortune proves to be only nominal. Harwood is to be sold to stop the mouths of his creditors; and he informs my aunt in a few months it will be necessary for them to go to America,

F 4

whither,

whither, I suppose, I shall accompany them. : I do not much like the idea, but I never yet knew what it was to have a will of my own, nor do I ever expect it; I am, therefore, all submission to those under whose protection Providence has placed me.

Your brother was so kind as to call on us yesterday, and said he was going for a few days into the country to Sir Edward Hambden, who has been there for some time, which is rather extraordinary, I think, at this time of the year, as I have often heard him, when at Morely-park, express his dislike to a country-life.

Will you, my dear Louisa, present my best compliments to Mr. Walton, (to whom I am extremely partial,) Mrs. Hammond, and all your present party,  
who

who I know are good and friendly beings, or they would not be dear to my Louisa.

Adieu, my amiable friend. Write again soon, and accept the sincere love of

SOPHIA AUBREY.

F 5 LETTER

## LETTER XXVIII.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

MISS MORELY.

Elmsdown, December 11.

**H**OW are you, my beloved Louisa?  
I am anxious to hear from you.

Do not long deny me that satisfaction.

Tell me if your health and spirits are mended, and if you find yourself happy at Sudbrook. Emily will, I trust, do

all in her power to make you so. Lady

Mary Castleton is, I imagine, now with you. Her cheerful society will, I hope,

be of service to you, as I know you are

a grateful and good girl, and I am sure

will



will not suffer the kind endeavours of your friends to be lost on you.

I called on Miss Aubrey and the Elbertons, as you requested. They all love you very much; and, were I to repeat the praises bestowed on you, I fear it would make you vain; therefore will only say they were highly flattering to me. When I saw Miss Aubrey, I observed an unusual melancholy in her countenance, which convinces me sorrow is at her heart. You, I suppose, are acquainted with the cause;—perhaps it proceeds from her aunt's imprudent choice, as I hear the affairs of Mr. Villars are in such confusion, that it is impossible he can long remain in England. I do not like that man, Louisa; that eternal simper and over-acted com-

plaisance I always consider as the mask of a bad heart.

I shall not be here many days longer; for I long to see you, and I am endeavouring to prevail on Hambden to accompany me to town; for, whatever can be the reason, the poor fellow is strangely altered lately; he has lost those fine spirits for which he was ever so remarkable, and looks as melancholy as Miss Aubrey; he seems to have lost all relish for those pleasures of which he was lately so fond, and I really believe, were he a Catholic, would turn frier, and end his days in a monastery.

I wish I could say any thing to afford my Louisa amusement, but here are no occurrences calculated to give you pleasure. Hambden begs his compliments to you. Remember me to all at Sudbrook;

brook ; and take care of your health, I  
charge you, my Louisa, for the sake of

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES MORELY.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

MISS MORELY

TO

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Sudbrook, December 16.

I Am as well and as happy, my dear Charles, as can be expected, and the tenderness and attention of my friends here exceed all description. I must be, indeed, a most ungrateful being to be dissatisfied, when I see all around me studying to render me happy. Lady Mary Castleton is here, and Miss Hammond and she are perpetually forming some schemes to amuse me; but I wish they were less kind in this respect, for they

They do not suffer me to be a moment at rest. George Walton is no less assiduous;—he draws, paints, and uses all his endeavours to afford me entertainment:—he offers to teach me Italian, and I think I shall become his pupil. Will you not be pleased with your Louisa? I am sure you will; for, believe me, I give into the wishes of my friends, when my heart is very differently inclined.

You know, my dear brother, how happy I always am to see you; but do not, I intreat you, hasten your departure from Elmsdown on my account;—in the society of Sir Edward Hambden I know you will find great pleasure; do not, then, suffer your tenderness for me to deprive you of it. I am surprised to find your friend is so much altered. I  
know



know not if I ought to say I am sorry, as I hope it will end in happiness, and understand your hint relative to Miss Aubrey.

My uncle has received a letter from John since you left us. He is safely arrived in India, and says he is well and happy. He writes in fine spirits, and my uncle is half beside himself with joy.

All here join me in saying every thing that is affectionate to my dear brother, who knows how truly I am his

Affectionate

LOUISA MORELY.

LETTER

## LETTER XXX.

MISS MORELY

TO

LADY ELLERTON.

Sudbrook, December 17.

**I** Can no longer omit the performances of my promise to my ever-dear Lady Ellerton. I am, my dear madam, something better than when I left town. But how shall I express my gratitude for your unequalled kindness! it is impossible, madam; but your own good heart will enable you to judge of my feelings. My friends here, too, leave nothing undone to render me happy; and, indeed, madam, I endeavour to obey your injunctions,

junctions, and be resigned to the will of that Being who best knows what is good for us.

I hope Sir Francis and the young ladies are well. Tell them how dear they are to their Louisa. I shall hope, madam, soon to be favoured with a letter, as I know you are too good to refuse your poor girl any thing that can contribute to her happiness. All here beg their respects to yourself and family.— Adieu, dear madam, and accept the grateful affection of

LOUISA MORELY.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXI.

MISS AUBREY

TO

MISS MORELY.

Grovesnor-street, December 17.

**A** GAIN I resume my pen to pour out the feelings of my soul to my ever-dear Louisa; yet, am I not unkind in giving pain to my amiable friend? I have taken up my pen a hundred times, and again laid it down, resolving not to tell you; but my heart would not be satisfied. — In my last, I informed you of Mr. Villars's intentions of leaving England in a few months; but, a few days after I wrote that letter, he told my  
aunt



aunt that he was under the necessity of going with the first ship that sailed, and desired we would prepare for our departure, which, in all probability, would be very soon; and yesterday morning informed us he had taken our passage in a ship which positively sails in a fortnight. I have been in tears ever since. Think, my dear Louisa, of being torn from my native land, from every youthful friend, from every dear attachment, and you may form some idea of my present emotions. But I must, if possible, see my dear friend, to bid her adieu. I will endeavour to prevail on my aunt to visit you at Sudbrook; if but for one day, it will be an inexpressible satisfaction. The amusements and gaiety in which we were engaged on our first coming to town are all at an end, and  
nothing



nothing now is heard of but preparations for our voyage. My aunt is more affected than I ever before saw her:—she is extremely averse to leaving England, and has endeavoured to prevail on Mr. Villars to leave us here, and return as soon as he can settle his affairs; but he declares himself determined to reside in America, as his connexions there render it highly necessary; so there is an end of hope.

When I first heard of this intended voyage, I apprehended our stay in America would be but for a few months, it therefore gave me little concern; but now I find I shall most likely spend my whole life there, it makes me truly unhappy. What can be more distressing to a feeling mind than to be removed from every dear connexion, and placed in a land

land of strangers ! We cannot expect, in our intercourse with the world, often to meet with humane and friendly beings ; but, when we have been so fortunate as to meet with such, and be thought worthy of their friendship, how hard, how very hard, is it to be deprived of their society !

I fear I shall tire my amiable friend with my complaints, but I trust she will forgive and pity her

SOPHIA AUBREY.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXII.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

MISS MORELY.

London, December 20.

I Have been in town since yesterday morning. Hambden is here likewise, and in a day or two I hope to see my dear Louisa, whose last letter afforded me very sincere pleasure:—yes, my dear girl, your brother is delighted to find you are likely soon to regain your health and peace of mind; and never can I be enough grateful to those dear friends to whose tenderness you are so much indebted.

I

I have been at Mr. Villars's. Miss Aubrey has informed you of their intended departure for America. She, in my presence, expressed a desire of seeing you before she left England. I seconded her, and Mrs. Villars consented to her going to Sudbrook. She comes with me in Mr. Villars's chariot, but her stay is not to exceed four days.

Hambden accompanied me when I called on Miss Aubrey. My Louisa, he doats on your lovely friend, but his circumstances are, he says, an insurmountable bar to their happiness, and he will never suffer her hand to share with him difficulties and distress. But I think, in this respect, he is scrupulous to a fault. It is true, the extravagance of his father has loaded his estate with incumbrances;



incumbrances; but, could Miss Aubrey return his affection, Elmsdown would afford them every comfort of life; the happiness they would find in each other would prevent their wishing for the expensive pleasures of London, and in a few years the estate would clear itself. I have laid before my friend this plan, but he is obstinately bent to oppose his own happiness, and I fear that of Miss Aubrey. There is no accounting for this strange resolution; and I am frequently led to suppose that those errors which poor mortals fall into are not to be avoided; for, as the poet says,

— “The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,  
Puzzled with mazes, and perplex’d with errors.”



Remember me to all at Sudbrook,  
and be assured, my dear Louisa, of the  
unalterable affection of

CHARLES MORELY.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXIII.

LADY ELLERTON

TO

MISS MORELY.

Cavendish-square, December 21.

**T**O receive so favourable an account of my dear Miss Morely's health affords us all the sincerest pleasure. You are really a charming good girl, and I give you all the merit you deserve. Continue, my love, to give into every little amusement which your friends invent to make you happy. Do not give way to uneasy reflections, which will sometimes intrude on you; but, when you find that is the case, do not

confine yourself to your chamber, and indulge melancholy, but have recourse to the cheerful society of those who love you, and I hope your resignation will be rewarded with every earthly happiness.

I know my sweet friend will pardon my so freely offering my advice, and believe it proceeds from the interest I take in her welfare; for I really love you with an affection nearly equal to what I have for my own daughters. Sir Francis bids me assure you his love is unalterable, and begs you will not forget your promise of being his second, and reserve your heart for him, as he shall certainly break his should he hear you had bestowed your affections on another. A strange creature is he not to make me his confidante! but these men are unaccountable

able beings, my Louisa. Both the girls embrace you most affectionately. Amelia daily gains health and spirits, and Caroline is, as usual, blest with a happy share of both.

We have been great rakes lately; almost every evening at some public place. Through your means we have become intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Villars, who, with Miss Aubrey, have been frequently of our party: the latter we greatly admire, and are sorry to find we shall so soon lose her. When Mr. Morely last called here, he introduced to us Sir Edward Hambden, an intimate friend of his, whom I have heard you both mention when in France. He has been so polite as to call on us often since; and, yesterday evening, accompanied us to the play. He is a most agreeable



agreeable man, and we consider him as a valuable acquisition. I hope it will not be long ere my dear Louisa will be in town, for we all impatiently wish to see you.

I believe, in future, I shall make one of the girls write for me. They will amuse you more than is in my power, for I am but a stupid old woman.

Our compliments attend all the family at Sudbrook. I am my dear Miss Moreley's

Ever-affectionate

A. ELLERTON.

LETTER



## LETTER XXXIV.

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN

TO

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Wimpole-street, December 23.

**T**HE conversation we had at Elm-  
down, and here, relative to the  
charming Sophia, has never been one  
moment out of my mind since. I have  
considered the affair in every point of  
view, but cannot enter into your opi-  
nion. If, as you suppose, the regards  
me, would it not be villanous to take  
advantage of her affection, and bury a  
lovely young creature, formed to grace  
the first circles, in solitude; or involve

her in distress, which must be the case if I live up to my rank? No, Morely: however unhappy I am myself, I will never be the means of making her so. The greatest consolation I can now feel will be in hearing she is the wife of a man capable of making her happy; for, romantic as it may appear, Morely, be assured I prefer her happiness to my own. As to endeavouring to forget her, that is impossible. My soul is full of her idea, and nothing but death will ever efface it.

I have been with the Ellertons frequently since you left town. Your favourite Caroline is not so handsome as her sister, but she is certainly an elegant girl, and her good sense and vivacity render her extremely engaging. As for Lady Ellerton, she appears to me one  
of

of the best women I ever knew, and Sir Francis seems very sensible of her worth, for I never saw such a fond pair one and twenty years after marriage. I suppose, in a few days, you will be again in town with Miss Aubrey. I shall indulge myself in another sight of her, and then to Elmsdown for some time.

I have seen Sedley since you left town. He has, with great difficulty, effected a reconciliation between his father and sister, (whom nothing could prevail on to give her hand to a man she detested,) and promises to visit me at Elmsdown soon.

Adieu, Morely. My compliments await all your party.

I am, as ever,

Yours,

E. HAMBDEN.

G 5

LETTER

## LETTER XXXV.

MISS MORELY

TO

LADY ELLERTON.

Sudbrook, December 24.

A Thousand thanks to my ever dear Lady Ellerton for her very kind and affectionate letter. But how can you, madam, suppose your letters not pleasing? I shall be happy to hear from either of the young ladies, but cannot on any consideration give up your correspondence; so do not, I entreat you, my dear madam, name it again, for I shall break my heart if you do; and I am sure you love me so well,

you



you would give yourself a little trouble to avoid that. Tell Sir Francis I am mindful of my engagement, and return his affection with my whole heart; and what can he desire more?

I rejoice with you, my dear madam, at Miss Ellerton's recovery, and tell the sweet girls I will not be out-done in affection. My brother will deliver this into your own hands. Lady Mary Castleton and Miss Aubrey go with him. Ah! my dear madam, judge what I must feel in parting with this amiable friend, perhaps never to meet again in this world. It really affects me most sensibly, not only because I am deprived of her society, but because I fear she stands little chance of being happy. My brother will tell you more about it, I cannot: it is too much for me. E-



very day my affection increases to the family here. I cannot, my dear lady, tell you half their goodness to me. I wish you knew them, you would love them too. Mrs. Hammond says she already loves you as well as I do, but I maintain she cannot; and it produces strange altercations between us, but I am sure you will espouse my side of the question. However, they all beg me to say every thing that politeness and friendship can dictate for them. I add the sincere love and esteem of

LOUISA MORELY.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXVI.

MISS AUBREY

TO

MISS MORELY.

Grosvenor-street, December 28.

**I** Cannot, my dear Louisa, embark without bidding you again adieu. Tomorrow we leave the happy shores of Albion; but what is that compared with leaving those we love and esteem! You, I know, my Louisa, feel extremely on the present occasion, but what must be my sensations? who, alas! have none who will sympathize with me, while you, I thank heaven, are surrounded with affectionate friends, who feel for every

every distress, and do all in their power to alleviate it.

My aunt is displeased at my being so much affected, and terms it discontent. Mr. Villars espouses my cause, and behaves so extremely well that I begin to feel an affection for him, and hope nothing, on my part, will be wanting to merit his friendship and regard. Lady Ellerton and her daughters called on us yesterday, and appeared affected at parting.

Sir Edward Hambden was here this morning, and promised to accompany us to Gravesend: it is well meant; but I would readily have excused this piece of politeness. I cannot, my Louisa, well bear such repeated partings, but must do as well as I can.

Let

Let me conjure you not to neglect writing, and inform me of every occurrence however trifling it may appear to you. They will afford me amusement, and, perhaps, chase away many an anxious thought, and divert many a melancholy hour.

Present my best wishes to all at Sudbrook, whom I sincerely esteem, chiefly for your sake, though their own merit justly entitles them to the respect of all who know them.

Adieu, my beloved Louisa. May every blessing be yours, is the ardent prayer of

SOPHIA AUBREY.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXVII.

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN

TO

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Wimpole-street, December 29.

**S**HE is gone, Morely. I went with her to Gravesend: I conducted her on-board ship: then returned, and stood on the shore till the vessel conveyed the most lovely of her sex from the man who adores her. How I envy the meanest sailor in that ship! Do you think she would have been happier with me than she now is? if I thought so, it would distract me. At present I am not much better. But I do not believe,



lieve, Morely, she feels for me any thing more than common esteem. It is true, when I took my leave of her, she was agitated extremely; but it was to leave her other friends, and her native land, that affected her. I cannot be of consequence enough to occasion that emotion.

I am prepared, Morely, for all you can say. I know you will think, after the resolution I had taken, this last piece of indulgence highly blameable, but it was a satisfaction I could not deny myself.

When you left town, I fully intended to set off for Elmsdown the following day; and, in the morning, called at Mr. Villars's, determining it should be the last time. But how weak are human resolves! for, on hearing they  
went

went so soon, I declared I should not not leave town in less than a week. Mr. Villars then said if I were not more agreeably engaged, they should be glad of my company as far as Gravesend. I did not positively promise, but was there every day after, and, the morning before they left town, engaged to be of their party. There were several of Mr. and Mrs. Villars's friends with us. We dined at Gravesend, and, in the afternoon, went on-board. We staid till the ship was under way, and were then obliged to bid them adieu. Miss Morely is, I suppose, inconsolable for the loss of her friend. Present my compliments, and assure her I sincerely sympathise.

Let me hear from you soon, Morely, and tell me where you mean to fix  
your

your residence, as I imagine your stay at Sudbrook is but temporary.

I met Sedley yesterday at Sir Francis Ellerton's. He is, I find, very much there: perhaps is an admirer in the family as well as yourself.

I have something to tell you about Gayton, but must defer it till I am in a better humour for writing; therefore adieu. Write to me at Elmsdown.

EDWARD HAMDEN.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS AUBREY

TO

MISS MORELY.

December 30.

**Y**ESTERDAY, my Louisa, I bade adieu to dear old England, and my much dearer friends. A fair wind is now carrying us swiftly over the bosom of the deep. Unused to such scenes, I look around with wonder; but my reveries are soon broke in upon by the idea of what I have left behind, and the first image that presents itself to my imagination is that of my Louisa, with that look of tenderness and suppressed

sorrow

sorrow which you wore when we parted at Sudbrook.

I am not yet sea-sick, but I have passed a most wretched night. Sleep has been a stranger to my pillow, and I am almost blind with weeping; but, as soon as the day dawned, I left my bed to embrace the present moment of writing to my Louisa, as I fear, should I be attacked with the sea-sickness, I shall be unfit for that or any thing else. My aunt has been ill with it ever since we failed, but is, I believe, now composed to rest.

I will now endeavour to give you a description of our fellow passengers.

The captain dined with us yesterday at Gravesend, and, soon after dinner, we were informed we must go on-board as the wind was fair. We immediately obeyed



obeyed the summons; but, on reaching the ship, found all the passengers were on shore, except an old gentleman, who had been in England for his health, and was again returning to America no better than when he left it. The captain immediately sent off his boat to inform the passengers on shore that he waited for them; and they all returned in her but one gentleman and two ladies, who followed in a few minutes.

The first that entered the cabin was an elderly lady and her daughter, whom the captain introduced to us by the name of Hervey. I was prepossessed in favour of them both the instant I beheld them. Mrs. Hervey is a very genteel woman, about fifty, not handsome, but there is an expression of benevolence in her countenance which I never saw exceeded.

ed. Miss Hervey is a very fine girl, apparently about nineteen, a very handsome likeness of her mother. After these, came a tall genteel young man with a lady in mourning: the former a Mr. M'Carty; the latter was taken no notice of, but, after politely curtsying to the company, she retired to one of the cabin-windows. The manner of her being received awakened my curiosity. I regarded her attentively. She is a young woman, apparently about twenty, her person extremely pleasing, but every feature is impressed with the strongest marks of melancholy, and I frequently observed a tear stealing down her cheek. Who or what she was, I could not imagine; but I was convinced she was unhappy, and felt the strongest compassion for her. However,

ver, my curiosity was soon, in some measure, satisfied by Mr. Villars's enquiring of the captain who she was? He answered, he really wanted that information himself, for she was a total stranger to him. Mr. M'Carty, with whom she came, then said, she was a young person of the name of Hunter, whom his friend, Mrs. Dalton, had engaged to be her companion. Just at that moment the boat arrived with Mrs. Dalton, a Miss Courtney, and Mr. Hervey, son of the Mrs. Hervey above mentioned. He is rather short, remarkably corpulent for a young man, but has the appearance of great good humour. Mrs. Dalton is rather tall, remarkably thin, and her face such as I can say nothing favourable about; I shall therefore pass it over in silence. She is

an

an American, but has been in England some years, and is now returning to her husband. Miss Courtney is a young girl about sixteen, just taken from school. She is short and slender, her features are regular, her complexion dark, and her air and manner the most haughty and forbidding I ever saw. She is going to America under the care of Mrs. Dalton, as her parents are natives of that country.

The captain now informed us the ship would be under way in a few minutes; our friends were, therefore, obliged to depart. Oh! my Louisa, never shall I forget the look and manner of Sir Edward Hambden when he bade me adieu. But I will say no more. You know my folly. I am well assured you must, for I fear it has been but too evident. He, perhaps, knows it too,



and pity makes him assume an air of tenderness!—

In continuation.

I have been interrupted by the captain, who, hearing I was in the cabin, came to wish me a good morning. He sat down, and chatted for some time. During our conversation, Miss Hunter entered the cabin to enquire for something for Mrs. Dalton, and the captain was soon after summoned on deck. — I will now lay aside my pen as I expect my aunt here every instant.

---

January 5, at ten o'clock.

AFTER a silence of near a week I again resume my pen. I have been extremely ill ever since I wrote the above.

I



I was attacked with the sea-sickness immediately after breakfast that day, and have not had an hour's intermission till now. Every lady in the ship has been in the same situation, except Mrs. Hervey and Mrs. Dalton. The former of these ladies has been a nurse to us all. She is really a most charming woman. Mrs. Dalton's whole attention has been confined to Miss Courtney. Poor Miss Hunter, whose illness has, I think, been more severe than that of any of us, has been treated with a severity which will forever give me an ill opinion of Mrs. Dalton's heart. "People, in her situation, should not give way to illness in that manner, for she was brought there to be useful not to be nursed." Speeches of this sort are frequent, and, were it not for the kindness of Mrs. Her-

vey and Mr. M'Carty, who, to do him justice, is an excellent character, I know not what would become of this poor young creature.

Till this morning Miss Courtney has never been visible since our embarkation; and, if I do not greatly mistake, her disposition is the very reverse of the truly amiable Miss Hervey's, with whom I am become quite intimate. We sleep in the same state-room, and are generally together. Miss Hunter, to whom we are both partial, is often of our party. But I think I hear my Louisa say, "What is all this to me! I know none of these people." True, my dear, but it may, perhaps, afford you some little amusement, and, if ever so little, I shall think myself amply repaid. My aunt, too, (I must say a few

few words about her,) who has been almost dead with the sea-sickness, is now something better, but by no means well. Mr. Villars has been extremely attentive to us both. My esteem for him daily increases, and I think I discover many amiable qualities in him.

I shall send this by the first ship, but shall write no more till we arrive at our destined port, for a thousand things conspire here to render writing much almost impossible; neither would it afford my Louisa any entertainment, for every day presents us with the same unvaried scene.

I hope you will not be a remiss correspondent. Never, let me entreat you, wait for my answers, but write by every opportunity, as you know your letters

H 3

are

are the greatest happiness I promise myself.

We have just met with a ship bound for England, by whom I shall send this. Adieu, my beloved Louisa. Think me ever

Your affectionate

SOPHIA AUBREY.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

SIR EDWARD HAMDBEN

T O

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Elmsdown, January 4.

**I**N my last I told you I had something to communicate respecting Gayton; and, believe me, it is of such a nature as gives me pain to relate. He has acted the part of a villain by that girl whom you heard me mention some time since. You remember the circumstance, and his answer to a letter I wrote to him on the subject. Judge, then, of my surprise at finding that he prevailed on her to consent to a private marriage;

H 4

for



for which he urged his dependence on his uncle Warren as a reason. A wretch, whom he bribed to personate a clergyman, performed the ceremony, and he immediately conveyed her to London, where she has been ever since in lodgings, supposing herself his wife; when, about a fortnight ago, a letter, which she found, from the fellow who married them, to Gayton, unravelled the mystery.

Imagine to yourself the distress of the poor unhappy girl on this discovery. She fell into a state little short of frenzy, and published her misfortune to all around her. In the midst of this scene Gayton entered. He was struck with her distress and his own villany, and offered to make her the only reparation now in his power; but she rejected him with

with the utmost disdain, and assured him, if it were possible, she would in future avoid the sight of him and all the world. No intreaty could prevail on her to alter her opinion, and she left the house in a few hours, after returning him all the presents he had made her.

He came to me in the evening almost distracted, and related the whole affair; vowed he preferred her love to all else the world could offer, and a thousand times curst his villany, folly, and erroneous notions of happiness. Never, Morely, did I see such a picture of remorse and misery.

I prevailed on him to sleep at my lodgings, for I was really fearful of his committing some rash action; and, much as I condemn his conduct, cannot

help compassionating his situation. While I remained in town, he used every means he could think of to find out her place of abode, but without success.

Sedley has been here since yesterday morning. His visit is particularly welcome at this time, for I am deeply in the horrors: he observes it, but knows not the cause.

The alterations in my house and gardens have afforded me some amusement since I have been here. The former will soon be done, but the latter will be a work of longer time, as I propose making them a little in the Shenstonian style: a humble imitation it will certainly be; but it will afford me present amusement, and, I hope, contribute to the improvement of Elmsdown, which will now be my chief residence.

Farewel,

Farewel, Morely. Write soon, and  
believe me

Ever yours,

E. HAMBDEN,

H 6 LETTER

## LETTER XL.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN.

Hanover-square, January 8.

YOU judged rightly, Hambden, in supposing I should disapprove of your conduct respecting Miss Aubrey. To what purpose was your going to Gravesend, except making both her and yourself unhappy? Indeed it was very wrong, I could almost say, very cruel; for, I am well convinced, her distress at that time needed no addition.

How extremely am I shocked at the account you give me of Gayton! I never could



could have supposed him capable of such an action; and I think the unfortunate victim of his licentious love acted nobly in refusing to become the wife of a man who had so cruelly deceived her. I can scarcely admit of repentance like his, and would not experience the remorse he must now feel for the possession of the universe.

I greatly admire your vanity in attempting to make your gardens an imitation of the delightful Leasowes; but I fear it will be so faint a copy that none will suspect your design.

We have been in town some days. All the Sudbrook family, my uncle excepted, are with us. Louisa is much recovered, but severely feels the loss of Miss Aubrey.

You

You ask where I mean to reside?—In London for some months. Mr. Manning, to whom Lady Mary Castleton is married, will rent Morely-park for his summer residence, as his lady greatly admires the situation; for it would be death to me to live there for some time yet, and, should I want a country-house, I can still have recourse to Witham-place.

Remember me to Sedley; but, be assured I am by no means jealous of him as my rival at Sir Francis Ellerton's; for, if the most bewitching eyes nature ever formed may be believed, I am not quite indifferent to the charming Caroline.

Adieu, dear Hambden. —————  
When I next come to Elmsdown,

I expect to see it a terrestrial paradise.

C. MORELY.

## LETTER

## LETTER XLI.

MISS AUBREY

TO

MISS MORELY.

New-York, February 21.

My dear Louisa,

**A**FTER a voyage of six weeks we are safely arrived on the continent of America. We had very disagreeable weather part of the time, and I believe the captain apprehended danger, but he concealed his apprehensions from us till it was past. We are now at the house of a Mr. Henshaw, a very considerable merchant here, whose lady is Mr. Villars's sister.

I greatly regretted parting with some of our fellow-passengers, particularly Miss Hunter, whose misfortunes have greatly endeared her to me; — yes, my Louisa, she is, in every real advantage, infinitely superior to those on whom she is now dependent. I talked to the captain about her before we landed: he greatly pities her situation, and assured me, if she wishes to return to England, he will with pleasure give her a passage, having two sisters in America who purpose returning with him this year, under whose protection she will be safe and happy. I thanked the worthy man for his goodness, and informed Miss Hunter of his friendly offers. She blest him and me a thousand times; but, taking my hand, “ Ah! madam, (said she,) poverty is not the cause of my distress; indigence



indigence is nothing, — nothing to the anguish I feel; but, if I live, you will ere long know more." I was too greatly affected at her sorrow to make much reply, but we parted with a mutual promise of writing. I have not the smallest merit, my Louisa, in what I have done for this dear, unfortunate, girl: I only act from fellow-feeling; for, perhaps, ere long I may be in a similar situation.

I will now give you an account of the family we are at present with. Mr. Henshaw is, if I may judge from appearance, about sixty, ordinary in person, but rich, and immoderately fond of his lady, who is a fine young woman, sensible, sprightly, and engaging in her manners. My aunt is quite pleased with her, and declares her the finest woman

man she ever beheld; but I differ from her in this respect, although I think her very pleasing. There is a brother of Mr. Henshaw who lives with them, an old batchelor, who reminds me of the Spectator's friend, Will Honeycomb. We are to remain here till Mr. Villars's house is ready to receive us. As yet we have seen no company except a few of Mr. Villars's relations; but there is a large party expected to dine here to-day, which obliges me to lay down my pen to attend the toilette, for it is now one o'clock, and it seems I must be very fine.

In continuation.

Twelve o'Clock, Midnight.

If mirth, splendour, and novelty, could constitute happiness, I should have been

been extremely so this day; but how much happier would one half hour's conversation with my dear Louisa have made me! Here have been a large company of both sexes, an elegant entertainment, and in the evening a ball. I had a very agreeable partner, a Mr. Elliot, with whom I danced the whole evening, and, were I apt to think every man that is gallant my admirer, I should certainly set him down in the list. We danced from six till eleven, and then went to supper.—I have just made my escape, extremely fatigued in body and mind; but could not think of rest till I had wished my Louisa a good night, or more properly a good morning.

February 25.

Four days have elapsed, without my being able to devote one moment to my  
 dear

dear Louisa. Soon after I wrote the above, I was attacked with a violent head-ache, which prevented my getting any rest; it was followed by a fever, which continued with great severity till last evening; but I have had a good night's rest, and find myself much better. Mrs. Henshaw has been very attentive to me, and put off several engagements till I am sufficiently recovered to be of their party. Mr. Elliot, who was my partner at the ball, has been frequently here to enquire for me, and Mrs. Henshaw declares he has lost his heart with your friend; but it is only raillery I hope, for I have none to bestow in return.—A message from my aunt obliges me to resign my pen.

On going into my aunt's apartment, I found her alone and in tears. She  
said



said Mr. Villars had treated her with great unkindness, and worked herself up into an agony of grief and rage. I said all I could to pacify her, but without effect. What occasioned this quarrel she did not say; but I have lately observed a coolness in Mr. Villars's behaviour, which will, I much fear, end in mutual dislike.—Adieu.—I am summoned to dinner.

In continuation.

Eleven o'clock.

A forced politeness prevails between Mr. Villars and my aunt, but I hope it is unobserved by any but myself.

Mr. Elliot drank tea here. He is extremely attentive, but his attention is the effect of natural politeness, and not



not from any impression I have made on him, as Mrs. Henshaw supposes.

To-morrow we dine out, and the next day remove to Mr. Villars's house, which is now ready for our reception; and I rejoice at it, as I hope then to be mistress of my own time; for here there is so much parade, and ceremony, that I am heartily tired of it. Till then, my Louisa, I bid you adieu; for to-morrow I do not expect time to write a word.

What a tedious day have I passed! It amazes me how people can find pleasure in these formal visits:—to me they are very irksome, and I am now like a captive released from bondage.

Mr. Elliot was again of our party. I am quite out of humour with the man, for he absolutely haunts me. I tremble lest Mrs. Henshaw's conjectures should  
be

be but too just, as (in the language of the world) it would be a good match, and I well know I should be thought unpardonable to refuse him.

I will now bid you a good night ; for this Mr. Elliot has given me the horrors to such a degree I can say no more, but must try to bury my uneasiness in the arms of sleep.

February 28.

We have taken our leave of the Henshaws, and are settled in our new habitation. It is a very pretty house, agreeably situated, and my aunt seems quite pleased with it ; but the difference between Mr. Villars and herself still subsists. I find it proceeded from her observing a coolness in his behaviour. She would now, I believe, gladly be reconciled ;

ciled; but he is all haughtiness and reserve, and, in the present case, I cannot help thinking him to blame; for his want of affection has been very evident for some time; and surely, whatever his real sentiments are, he ought to have concealed his indifference from her and all the world.

Adieu, my beloved Louisa: I go to attend my aunt, who is now alone, and I greatly compassionate her present state of mind.

March 2.

I am in the utmost distress, my Louisa. Yesterday Mr. Villars informed me that Mr. Elliot had requested his permission to visit here as my lover, and, as he had never heard of my having any pre-engagement, imagined I could have no

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objection,

objection, as it was in every respect a most unexceptionable match; and he sincerely congratulated me on possessing the affections of the most accomplished man in America. I said little in answer to this fine speech, only that I should infinitely prefer a single life; but this was called a ridiculous whim, because I must be really blind to my own happiness to indulge a wish of that sort, situated as I am. Indelicate man! to hint at my dependence. Ah! my friend, is it not evident he wishes to shake off such an incumbrance? It is natural,—it is what I expected. But how am I to act, my Louisa? Mr. Elliot is, in every respect, a most agreeable man, and I really believe a very worthy character. I acknowledge his merit, but feel myself unable to return his affection; he is not the



the man of my heart, and never will I bestow my hand without it. But, with my relations, what plea will be sufficient to exculpate me from the charge of self-willed opposition to their wishes? Pre-engagement I cannot plead, as I fear it is an ill-fated, unreturned, attachment; and they will not admit my indifference to Mr. Elliot on my aversion to marriage as a sufficient reason. Sometimes I determine on informing Mr. Elliot that my heart is pre-possessed in favour of another, and relying on his generosity for the event. It will be a painful task; but what can I do? He drinks tea here this evening. — Ah! little does he suspect the anguish of my heart; if he did, I have so good an opinion of him as to believe he would feel compassion for me.



Adieu, my best-loved friend. When I retire to my chamber, you shall know the event of this much-dreaded interview.

Twelve o'clock,

It is over, my Louisa, and Mr. Elliot is the most generous of men. He drank tea with us, as I expected, was our only visitor, and, soon after the tea-table was removed, we were left together. Judge of my feelings; — a thousand different sensations invaded my heart; — I trembled, and could scarcely support myself. I really believed Mr. Elliot imagined my emotion proceeded from a very different cause. A silence of some minutes prevailed, when, in the most delicate manner, he declared, his future happiness depended on me, and begged my permission

permission to hope — “ Ah! sir, it is impossible; why should I deceive you?” and I burst into a flood of tears. He respectfully took hold of my hand: — “ Dearest Miss Aubrey, why this distress? I fear I am not so happy as to be agreeable to you; some more fortunate lover has an interest in your heart. Ah! madam, do not keep me in suspense, but generously let me know my fate; and, if I am unworthy of your love, grant me your friendship, your confidence, and with that I will endeavour to be content; for your happiness is much dearer than my own.”

Encouraged by his generosity, I assured him of my eternal gratitude, and ventured to disclose the state of my heart, concealing only the name of him I love. He applauded my conduct,

and assured me he would keep my secret inviolable. I informed him of my apprehensions from the displeasure of Mr. and Mrs. Villars; but he promised to conduct the affair in such a manner, that it should be productive of no disagreeable consequences to me. Was there ever such goodness! Had I, my Louisa, a heart to bestow, what happiness might I experience with this amiable man! But it is impossible; "there is no reasoning into love;" so refractory is the human heart, and so unaccountable are its attachments, that we often see it lavish all its fond affection on those who never can return it. But I wander from my story.

When Mr. and Mrs. Villars joined us, their countenances bespoke the strongest curiosity. They eyed us both attentively.

In continuation.

I found Mr. Villars with my aunt. He assumed an affectionate air, but displeasure and disappointment were evident through the thin disguise:—  
“ Well, Miss Aubrey, (said he,) so you have really refused Mr. Elliot!”—  
“ He has, I imagine, sir, informed you of what passed last evening.”—“ Yes, and sorry am I to find you thus wilfully blind to your truest interest.” My aunt added many severe reflexions, which I will not now relate, as I know it would distress the good heart of my Louisa. Mr. Villars now acted as mediator, and said, it was only for my sake he felt; but, as I seemed determined to follow no opinion but my own, he begged to hear no more on the subject. I made



little answer to what they said but by tears, and hastened to pour out my feelings to you, my amiable friend, which is the only consolation now left me.

Evening, Eight o'clock.

Better than I expected! Mr. Villars as affectionate as ever! My aunt rather distant, but not a word of Mr. Elliot! He has not been here to-day, fearing, perhaps, after what has happened, his presence would make me uneasy. It is delicate, and I feel myself obliged to him; and believe me, my Louisa, I feel for him the most lively esteem. A ship sails for England to-morrow, by whom I shall send this packet. Good night, dearest of girls.

March



March 4.

Mr. Elliot has been here this morning; assumed a cheerfulness, but could not entirely hide his dejection. It distresses me to reflect I am the cause of making so excellent a creature unhappy.

It is now time to seal my letters, as the ship sails in a few hours. Omit no opportunity of writing, convinced as you are of the pleasure your letters afford me. Present my best compliments to all at Sudbrook. Adieu, my dear Louisa. You know with what truth I am ever

Yours unalterably,

SOPHIA AUBREY.

## LETTER XLII.

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

TO

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN.

Hanover-square, January 28.

WHY bury yourself thus at Elmſdown, my dear Hambden? why resist the importunity of all your friends to join their society in town? Sedley called here yesterday: he informs me he used every argument to prevail on you to accompany him, but in vain. He is, as you imagine, an admirer at Sir Francis Ellerton's:—the fair Amelia has made a conquest of his heart. But I suppose you already know it, as I find  
 he

he informed the lady of his sentiments before he visited Elmstown, and, I believe, will not be an unsuccessful lover. Where could I get my intelligence? Ah! where, but of my adorable Caroline! Yes, Hambden, this charming girl permits me to hope I may one day call her mine. The moment on which my fate depended is past; I revealed my passion, and was answered by consenting blushes, far more eloquent than words.

But, happy as this has made me, I do not forget my friend is otherwise, and earnestly entreat you to join our party here. I never was more pleased with the town than at present; it is full of company, and the theatres, the opera, and every other amusement, calculated  
to

to afford rational pleasure, conspire to render it agreeable.

Louisa is considerably better, both in health and spirits, since our being here.

George Walton is extremely attentive to her: he is instructing her in Italian, to which they devote all their leisure hours, and she makes a very rapid progress. I wish he may not be endeavouring to instruct her in a more refined art, for I often think their eyes very eloquent; and you know, if it should be so, he will not be the first tutor who has felt the powerful effects of his fair pupil's charms.

Do not let it be long ere I hear from you, unless you take the more laudable resolution of favouring us with your company,

company, which will still be more agreeable to

Your faithful

CHARLES MORELY.

LETTER



LETTER XLIII.

SIR EDWARD HAMBDEN

TO

CHARLES MORELY, ESQ.

Elmfdown, February 2.

**A**NOTHER month, Morely, and you will see me in town. At present I am executing something in my garden, and cannot leave it till it is completed. You will laugh when I inform you it is a grotto, with an inscription over it on disappointed love; but, however ludicrous it may appear to you, in this place I propose spending some of my happiest hours.

I rejoice with you in your present happiness. You are a fortunate fellow, Morely, and, I am apt to believe, have bribed the blind god to be propitious to you. Ah, poor Louisa! her heart has, I dare answer, left its native habitation; but I hope the deserter's place will be supplied by one equally valuable.

You mention not a word of Miss Aubrey, for which reason I did not relish your letter. Your sister cannot yet have heard from her, I know; but I can take pleasure in no letter, no conversation, of which she is not the subject; therefore you will not expect much entertainment from my correspondence, for I am become one of the most stupid fellows existing.

Make

Make my compliments where due,  
and believe me

Ever yours,

EDWARD HAMDEN.

LETTER

## LETTER XLIV.

MISS MORELY

TO

MISS AUBREY.

London, January 18.

**H**OW sincerely do I regret the departure of my dear Sophia! one of my principal sources of happiness was in your society. Ah! my amiable friend, what a loss! yet, I will still hope that in a few years we shall again meet, and be happier than ever.

Sir Edward Hambden, I find, accompanied you to Gravesend. Believe me, my Sophia, I feel for you both, for I have long observed your mutual attachment;  
but,

but, as a friend to both, I hope absence will effect a cure.

I thank you, my dear girl, for the letter you wrote me just before your embarkation, and be assured that every occurrence that can either interest or amuse I will communicate. We are now making preparations for our departure from Sudbrook, and in a few days shall be in town, there to remain the winter.

London, January 23.

We have been here near a week, and, but for the absence of my dear Sophia, should be tolerably happy. Ah me! what a delusive flatterer is hope! Before I heard of this intended voyage, I had been building castles, and laying out a world of happiness in your society; but  
soon



soon were all my schemes succeeded by the most cruel disappointment! How just an emblem is this of the fluctuating state of all human enjoyments! for, often is the cup of bliss snatched from us at the very moment we are about to partake of its delights.

You have frequently seen the Miss Ellertons. Are they not charming girls? The youngest is, I believe, likely to be a relation of mine. My brother is her admirer; and, if the looks and actions of his fair mistress speak the sentiments of her soul, he is not in danger of meeting with an unfavourable reception. I spend a great deal of my time with this dear family. Lady Ellerton I really regard in a parental light, and she calls me her daughter. We this evening go  
✓ to the opera, accompanied by a Mr.  
Sedley,

Sedley, an intimate friend of my brother. His sister, whom he has introduced here, was to have been of our party, but her father being indisposed prevents her.

As for Sir Edward Hambden he is become a perfect recluse, and immures himself at Elmsdown this joyful season of the year. What think you of this, my Sophia? Can any thing but love occasion so strange a metamorphosis?—  
Adieu. I must go to dress for the opera.

January 24-

I really was most agreeably entertained last evening. What a being must that be that cannot relish an opera? for my part I almost think it raises me above mortality for the time. This evening

we

we go to the play. Miss Sedley is of our party. She is really beautiful, something like Lady Mary Manning, but has a greater appearance of sensibility in her countenance, and her vivacity is more under the guidance of reason.

Mr. Sedley is soon to be united to Miss Ellerton. Their acquaintance commenced in France, by meeting with my brother there, who introduced him to the family. What an alteration has a few months made on Miss Ellerton! When I first saw her at Montpellier, she was supposed to be on the brink of the grave, now she is preparing for matrimony.

I shall not send this letter till I receive one from you, which I impatiently wish for.

Midnight.

Midnight.

Just returned from the play, and cannot avoid letting you know what an admirer I have this evening gained, no less a person than the duke of \_\_\_\_\_. He was on the opposite side of the house. We observed his attention fixed on our box, and after the second act he came round and spoke to Sir Francis Ellerton, with whom he is acquainted, and was introduced to Miss Sedley and myself. I imagined it was Miss Sedley who had engaged his attention; but Sir Francis informed me he bestowed a thousand encomiums on your little friend. He may admire at a distance, but no more I beseech your grace, for I am by no means ambitious.

Good



Good night, my Sophia. I must now obey the summons of Morpheus, on whose hours I have made considerable innovations lately.

January 30.

Your dear and most welcome letter is just arrived. Of what different beings is your present party composed! I greatly admire your Mrs. and Miss Hervey, and join with you in feeling for the unhappy Miss Hunter. If it is possible, you will be her friend, my Sophia, I know you will. What could induce her to leave her native country with such a woman as Mrs. Dalton? but, whatever was the cause, her lot is really a hard one.

I must again peruse your letter.—Ah! the look and manner of Sir Edward



Hambden, when he bade you adieu, was truly expressive of the emotions of his soul. I have long observed your attachment there, my Sophia; but why term it folly? it surely does not deserve so harsh an epithet: however, you may rest assured that Sir Edward does not believe you have the smallest *penchant* for him, nor has it been by any means so visible as your fears make you apprehend.

How I feel for your sea-sickness, poor, dear, girl! gladly would I be a sharer in all your sufferings, were it possible. I am unspeakably happy to hear so favourable an account of Mr. and Mrs. Villars:—pray heaven it may continue!

This

This afternoon I drink tea at Sir Francis Ellerton's, which obliges me unwillingly to bid you adieu.

In continuation.

I am just returned from Sir Francis's, and whom do you suppose I found there? no other than his grace. I cannot bear the man; he looks at me in a manner that distresses me extremely; his eyes are very disagreeable; in short, I could find a thousand faults with him, and all, my brother says, because he admires me.

I own I never was so uneasy at the attention of any man in my life; but I hope it is nothing but common-place gallantry, which he practises with every

woman whom he thinks tolerable; so I will think no more of him.

To-morrow I will send this patch-work epistle, and must therefore conclude it now, as I can seldom write on a morning; for that little plague, Mrs. Hammond, has always a world of employment for Miss Hammond and myself.

We often talk of you, and wish you with us; as do the Ellertons, with whom you are an amazing favourite: but we must part with you for a short time; I find it will not be so long as you apprehend, and you have often said I am prophetic.

All our friends here beg to be most affectionately remembered to you.

Farewel,

Farewel, my Sophia ; while I exist I  
am

Your affectionate

LOUISA MOREL

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.